



AUSTRALIA, 1881.

GHOSTS OF THE SEAS

CAPTAIN THORPE!
LOOK! THERE'S
SOMETHING OUT
AT SEA!

NO, YOUR
HIGHNESS! I TOLD
YOU TO *STAY*
INSIDE WHERE
IT'S *SAFE*!

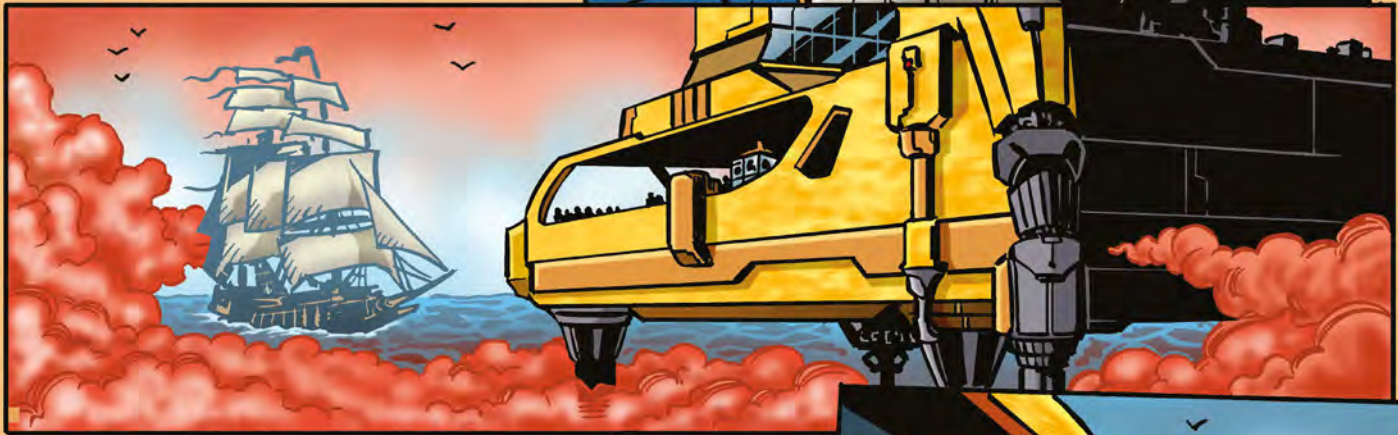
ANY
SECOND
NOW...

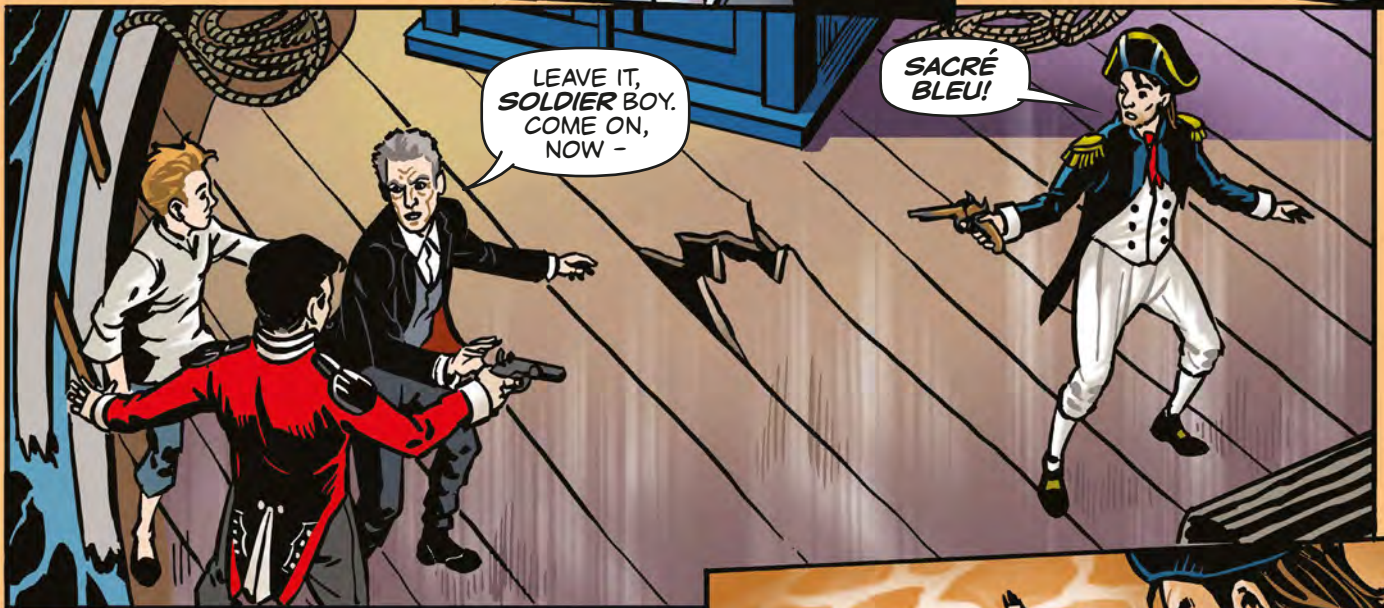
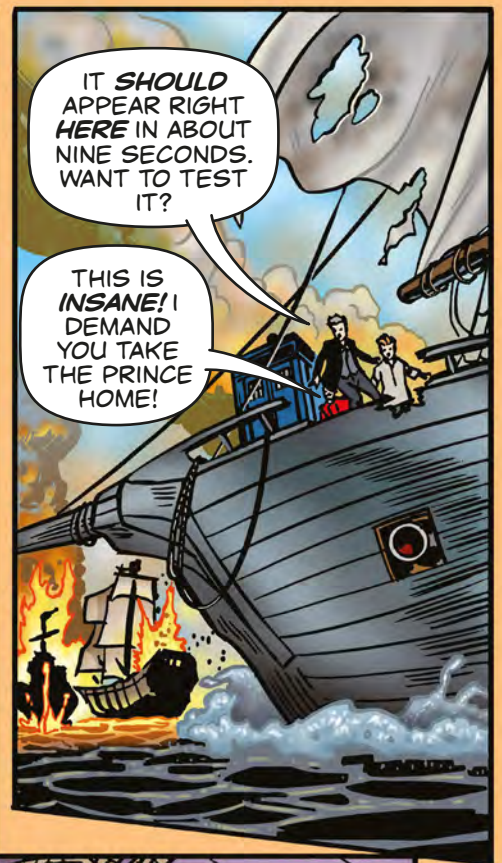
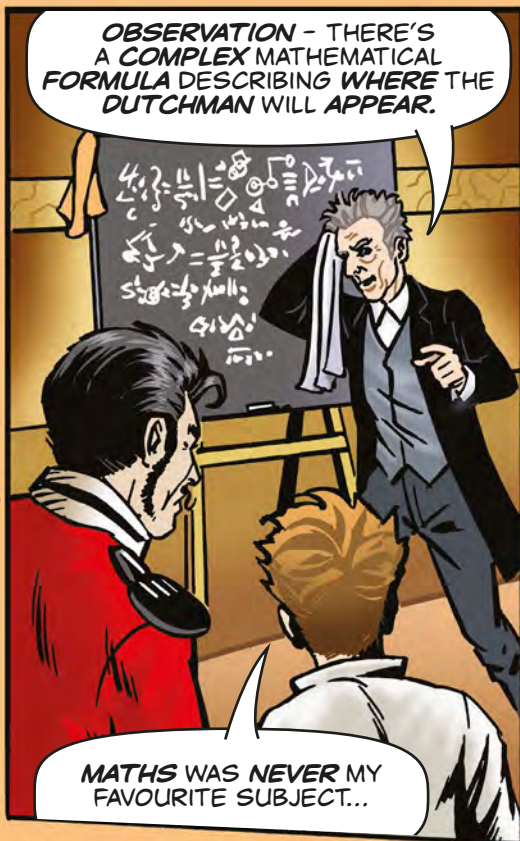
WHO THE *BLAZES*
ARE YOU? STEP
AWAY FROM *PRINCE*
GEORGE!

RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

KER-CRASH!

SCRIPT: KIERON MOORE ART: RUSS LEACH COLOUR: JOHN BURNS LETTERS: CAROLINE DUNK







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

A large, multi-masted sailing ship with white sails is engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames. The ship is tilted slightly to the right. In the background, a smaller, dark-colored pirate ship with a skull and crossbones on its side is visible. The sky is a mix of blue and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The water is dark blue with white splashes. A large, white, triangular shape, possibly a sail or a piece of land, is visible on the left edge of the frame.

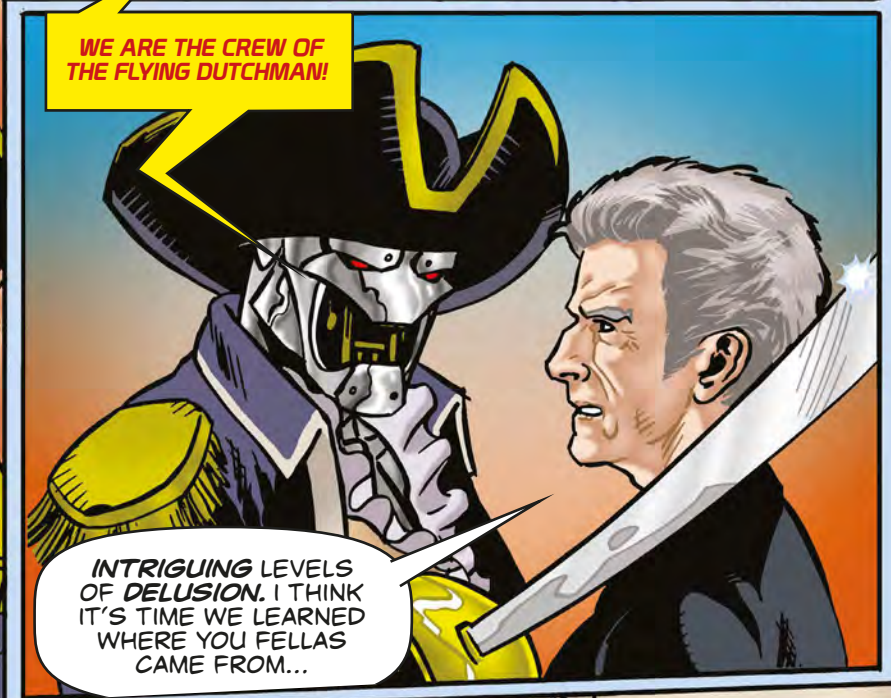


STOP! YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE REAL VANDERDECKEN!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HE HAS A POINT - THE **CREW** OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN WERE SOMEWHAT MORE **FLESHY**.

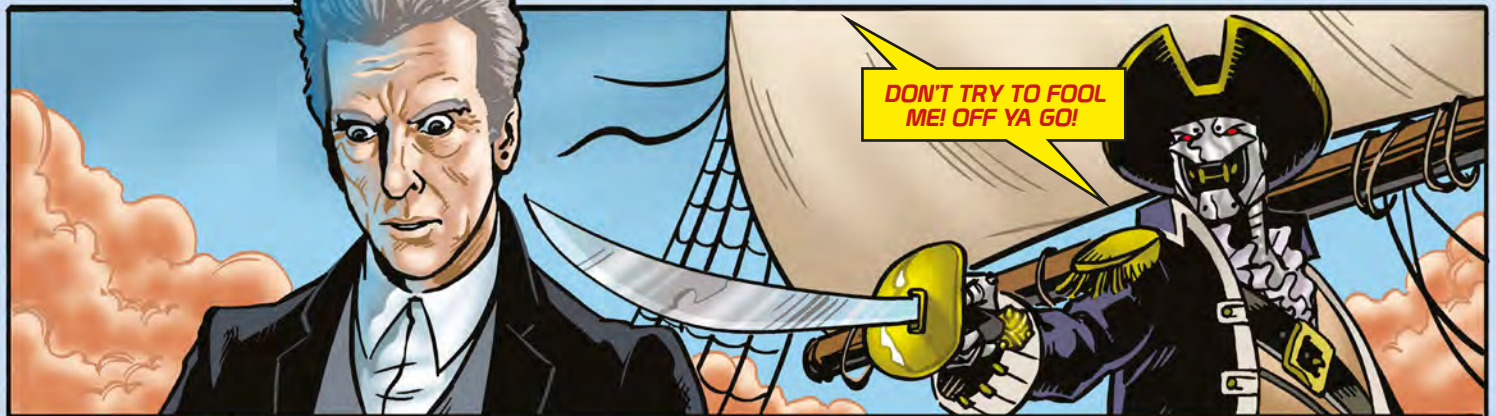


WE ARE THE CREW OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!

INTRIGUING LEVELS OF **DELUSION**. I THINK IT'S TIME WE LEARNED WHERE YOU FELLAS CAME FROM...



YOU'RE NOT THE **ORIGINAL** CREW. THAT'S **OBVIOUS**. NOW GET UP ON DECK, PLUG IN YOUR BIG RED TEMPORAL RECALL CABLE, AND LET'S GO BACK TO WHERE YOU FIRST LANDED ON THIS PLANET.



DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME! OFF YA GO!



RUN, YOUR HIGHNESS!



A LEAP OF FAITH, CAPTAIN?



SHIVER ME TIMBERS!



HMM... THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG RED TEMPORAL RECALL THINGY.



LAD, DON'T YE DARE MEDDLE WITH -

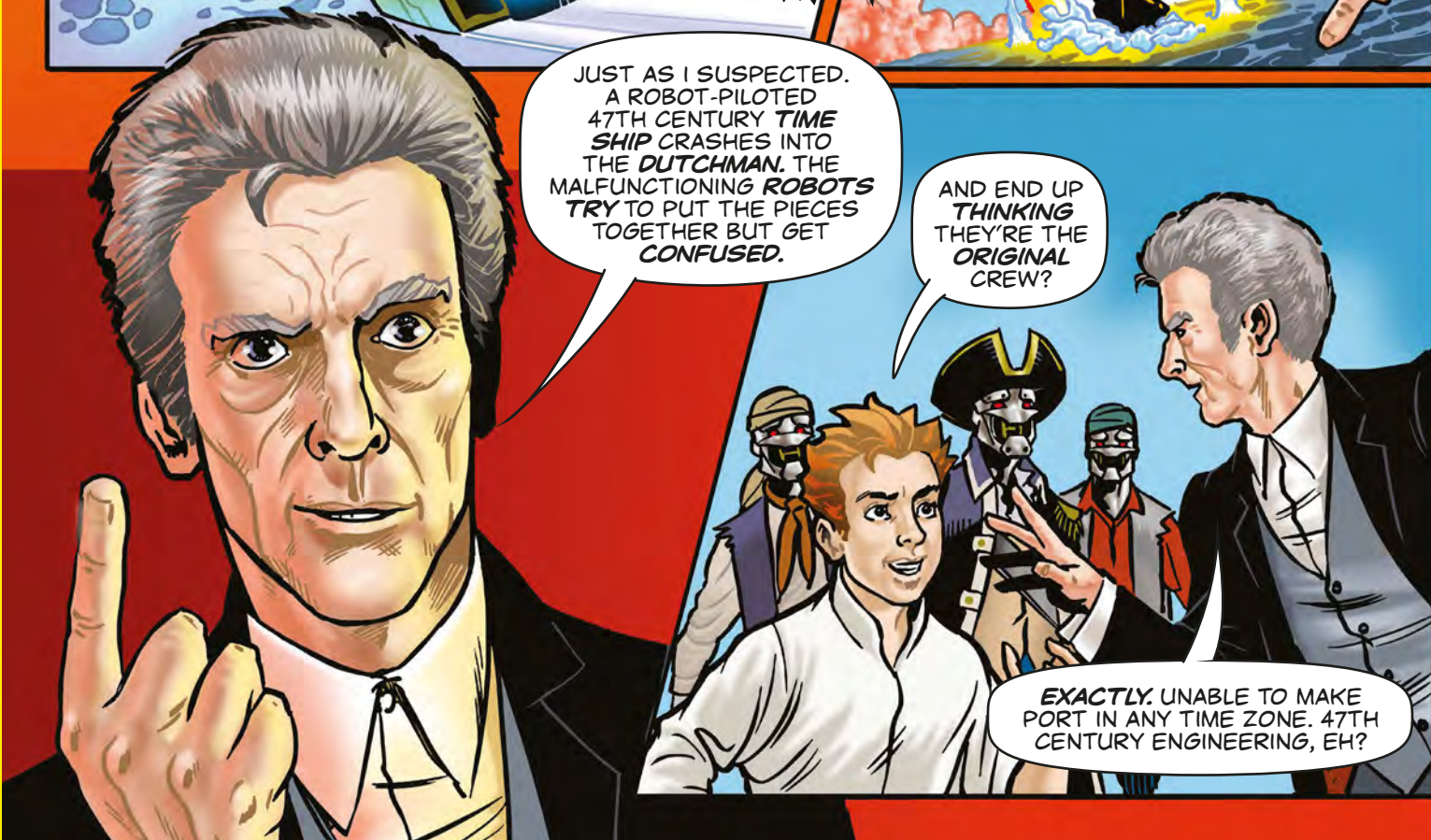


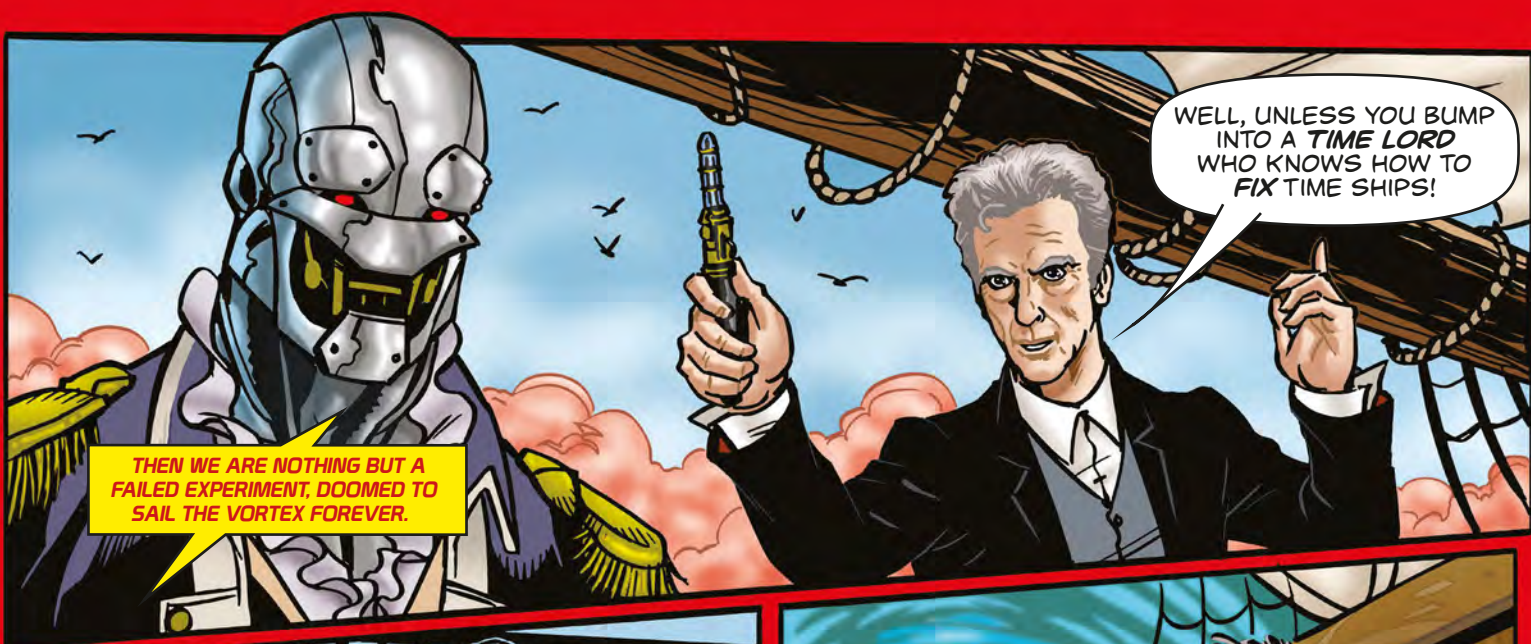
KER-CRASH!



- THAT!

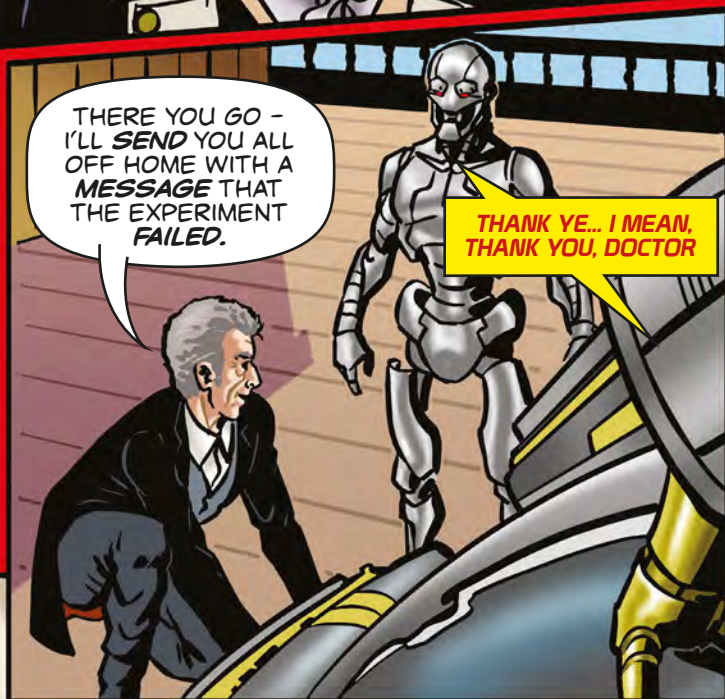






WELL, UNLESS YOU BUMP INTO A **TIME LORD** WHO KNOWS HOW TO **FIX** TIME SHIPS!

THEN WE ARE NOTHING BUT A FAILED EXPERIMENT, DOOMED TO SAIL THE VORTEX FOREVER.



THERE YOU GO - I'LL **SEND** YOU ALL OFF HOME WITH A **MESSAGE** THAT THE EXPERIMENT **FAILED**.

THANK YE... I MEAN, THANK YOU, DOCTOR



YOU CAN TAKE US HOME, RIGHT?

I HADN'T FORGOTTEN. WE'LL POP BY TRAFALGAR, PICK UP MY **TARDIS**, TRY NOT TO GET BLOWN TO PIECES.



WILL YOU VISIT ME AGAIN, DOCTOR?

HE ABSOLUTELY WON'T. I'LL HAVE THIS **MADMAN** LISTED AS AN **ENEMY** OF THE CROWN!

I HAVE A FEELING I'M **ALREADY** ON THAT LIST...

THE END!